

A Seasonal Sonnet

**“It came to pass...” eternal Scriptures read.
Once mist-air-dust, then mud with breath combined
Becomes a form that now can feel and bleed
To dust a trail that choices leave behind.
The frozen branch that’s leaf-forsaken, still,
Though dormant through obstinate seasons, waits
With life protected, hidden in the root,
And beauty sleeping, quiet ’neath the chill
In hope, will bud again on springtime dates
To be rewarded with a harvest fruit,
That is the seed where life is introduced
With love and song and laughter to be loosed.**

**A fruitfulness in winter is absurd,
So faithfulness near death is then preferred.**

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While in Winnipeg, MB

Written in a down time myself, but mainly inspired by the depression of an associate, Sandra

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Sandra Fulsher, after she had some crippling personal reversals.